

**The Tragedie**

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,  
And therevpon he sends you this good newes:  
That this same very day, your enemies,  
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,  
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:  
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards side,  
To barre my maisters heires in true discent,  
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

*Cat.* God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelue month hence,  
That they who brought me in my Maisters hate,  
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:

I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?

*Hast.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,  
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.

*Cat.* Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord  
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out  
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and so twill doo  
With some men els, who thinke themselves as safe  
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare  
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

*Cat.* The Princes both make high account of you,  
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

*Hast.* I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?  
Feare you the Boare and goe so vnprovided?

*Stan.* My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:  
You may iest on, but by the holy Rood,  
I do not like these seuerall counsels I.

*Hast.* My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,  
And neuer in my life I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me then it is now,  
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so tryumphant as I am?

*Sta.* The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London  
Were iocund, and supposed their states was sure,

And

**of Richard the thrid.**

And indeed had no cause to mistrust:  
But yet you see how soone the day orecast,  
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,  
Pray God, I say, I proue a needlesse coward,  
But come my L. shall we to the Tower?

*Ha.* I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?  
This day those men you talke of, are beheaded.

*Sta.* They for their truth might better weare their heads,  
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hat:

But come my L. let vs away. *Exit L. Standley, & Cat.*

*Ha.* Go you before, Ile follow presently.

*Enter Hastings a Pursuant.*

*Hast.* Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?

*Pur.* The better that it please your good Lordship to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,  
Then when I met thee last where now we meete:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:  
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state then euer I was.

*Pur.* God hold it to your Honours good content.

*Hast.* Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that.

*He giues him his purse.*

*Pur.* God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Priest.*

*Hast.* What sir Iohn, you are well met:

I am beholding to you for your last dayes excise:

Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whisperis  
(in his eare.*

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buc.* How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a  
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Priest. *(priest?*

Your Honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.  
*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
Those men you talke of, came into my minde:  
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?

*Buc.* I do, but long I shall not stay,  
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

*Hast.* Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buc.* And supper too, although thou knowst it not:

Come